Boston, May 30, 1836.

My dear Helen:

I am afflicted to-day by the receipt of dear sister Anna's letter, informing me of your illness. Necessary as it is that I should remain here a few days, perhaps a week longer, I am prompted to fly to you without an hour's delay; but as Anna writes that you were evidently better, and as she promises to send me another letter by the next mail, which I hope to receive without fail on Wednesday afternoon, I have concluded reluctantly to wait. Although we know that we are liable to sickness or to death every moment, yet we are ever taken by surprise, as if some strange thing had happened unto us — so little do we learn by the fleeting things around us!

I am afraid that as you received only one letter from me during the last week, and that being dated at Providence, my apparent delay may have created uneasiness in your mind, and thus induced your sickness, in some measure. My love, I am more unfortunate than blameworthy. You probably received a letter from me this forenoon, dated from this city as long ago as last ~~Tuesday~~ Wednesday. Overwhelmed with the business of the Convention, I nevertheless contrived to write that letter — but, unfortunately, I did not get down to the Post Office in season by about fifteen minutes, owing to an interruption which I need not here specify. On Thursday, I endeavored to find some friend who was going in the cars to Providence, that I might get him to drop it into the P.O. that evening, so that it would thus reach Brooklyn on Friday forenoon. But no such opportunity presented itself.

I am truly grateful to dear Anna for her kindness in writing, and especially for stating your situation undisguisedly to me. Alas, that I am not by your side, cheering you with my presence, and administering to your wants! If the next letter be not in confirmation of your health, I shall hasten back without delay — on Friday or Saturday. It is painful enough to be separated from you when you are well — but your illness makes absence doubly poignant. I pray you, dearest, be as quiet in your mind as possible, and be as careful of yourself as you are solicitous about my welfare. Heaven watch over you kindly, and make this sickness profitable to us both — for it is a lesson of our mortality, admonishing us of that separation which at some day or other must inevitably take place. "The one shall be taken, and the other left." But let our aim and our hope be, to dwell together in heaven eternally, where parting shall be no more.

If your sickness is afflicting to me, I am measurably revived to hear that our dear babe is "well, hearty and good, and daily improving in his looks." Let us give thanks for his healthful preservation. By the way, I have just received the Glasgow Chronicle of April 22, in which a lecture of Mr. Thompson is reported, and in the course of which he read the following extract from one of my letters, to a crowded audience, and it is published in the Chronicle. It will make you feel queerly.

"I may as well conclude this letter with a piece of information, which I am sure will be received by you and Mrs. Thompson with pleasure. On Saturday last, at 12 o'clock noon, my dear Helen was delivered of a precious babe — a son — whom we have named George

Thompson Garrison. The news of his birth gives great pleasure to my abolition friends, as far as it has gone, and his name not less. Methinks my hatred of slavery was feeble before I had a wife and child; but as the ties of life increase, I feel my abhorrence of the impious system constantly augmenting."

This is the way they do things in England and Scotland, and whether we laugh or cry, it is all the same now.

Of course, I am not yet cured of my catarrh, though I think it is better. It is said that a city residence is better for this disease than the country, as it is made worse by the smell of flowers and vegetable matter. Perhaps there is truth in this notion. My nose still cakes internally, but not quite so much as formerly. Its external appearance is decidedly better. On the whole, my health is improving. But how gloomy and unpropitious has been the weather for the last eight days! The sun has been constantly shrouded, and all nature dispirited. It must appear more dull in Brooklyn than in Boston. Not a word have I heard from brother Henry, and I feel anxious to learn how this weather has affected him.

Our Convention was worthy of our cause. I took no part in its proceedings so far as speech-making is concerned, owing to my cold — but we had no lack of speeches, and good speeches. Rev. T. S. Wright passed a high panegyric upon me in his speech, thanking God that "the pioneer yet lives — Garrison lives!" &c. &c. But I feel, and Heaven knows, that I deserve no praise.

To-morrow, the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society will hold their annual meeting to-morrow at Newburyport. This afternoon, a whole stage-load of abolition fanatics started for the scene of action — H. C. Wright, T. S. Wright, Stanton, Stuart, Bourne, Burleigh, Knapp, Caples, &c. &c. Mr. May thought of going, but did not.

Single.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

I have given up all idea of attending the meeting at Concord this week, though urged to go most importunately.

I have spent two evenings at the Chapman's, in the midst of large circles, very pleasantly. Anna Weston has gone to New-Bedford to keep a school. Love to all devotedly. My prayer is for your restoration. Kiss the babe. Yours lovingly, W. L. Garrison